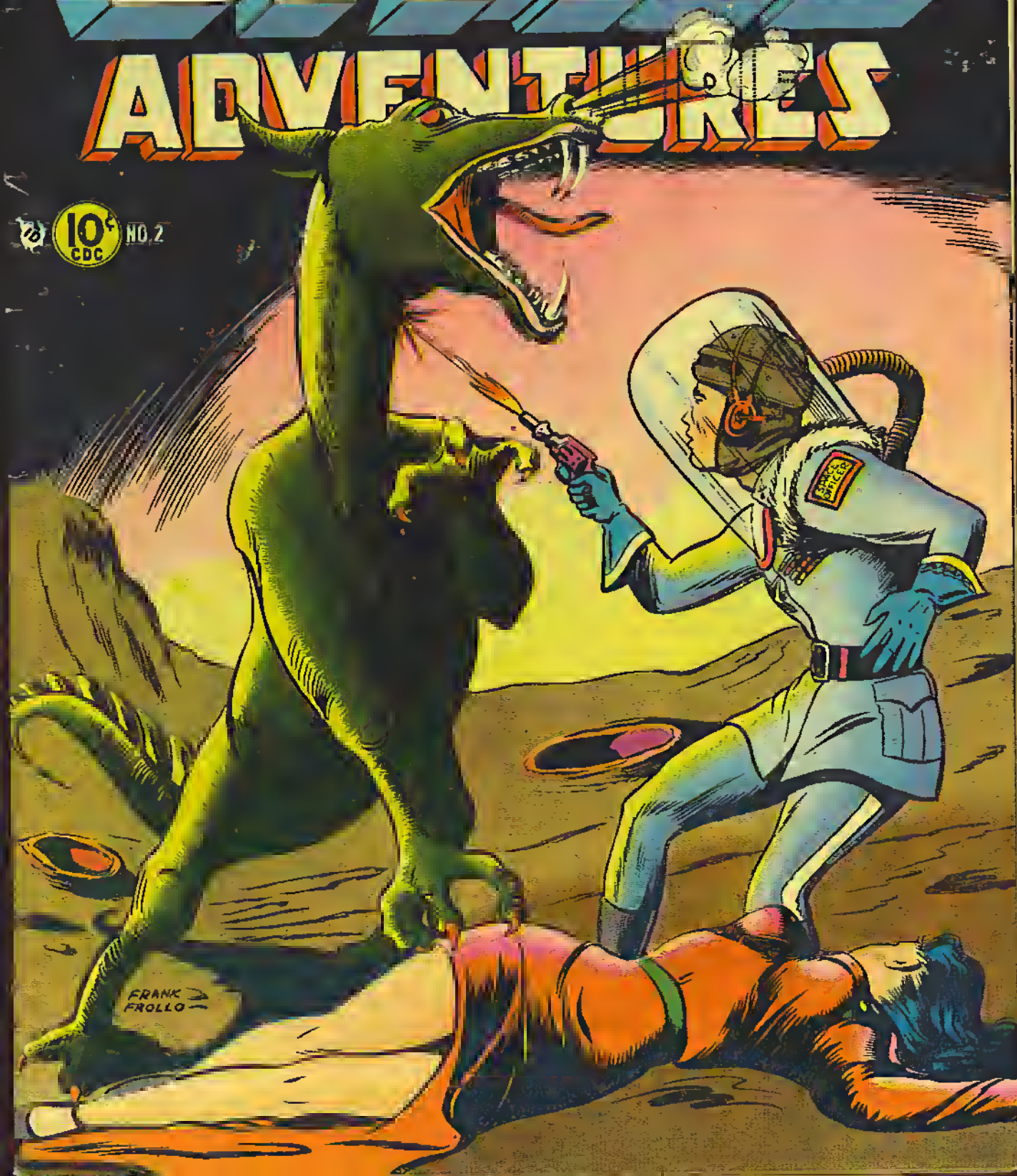


# SPACE ADVENTURES

10¢ NO. 2  
CDC





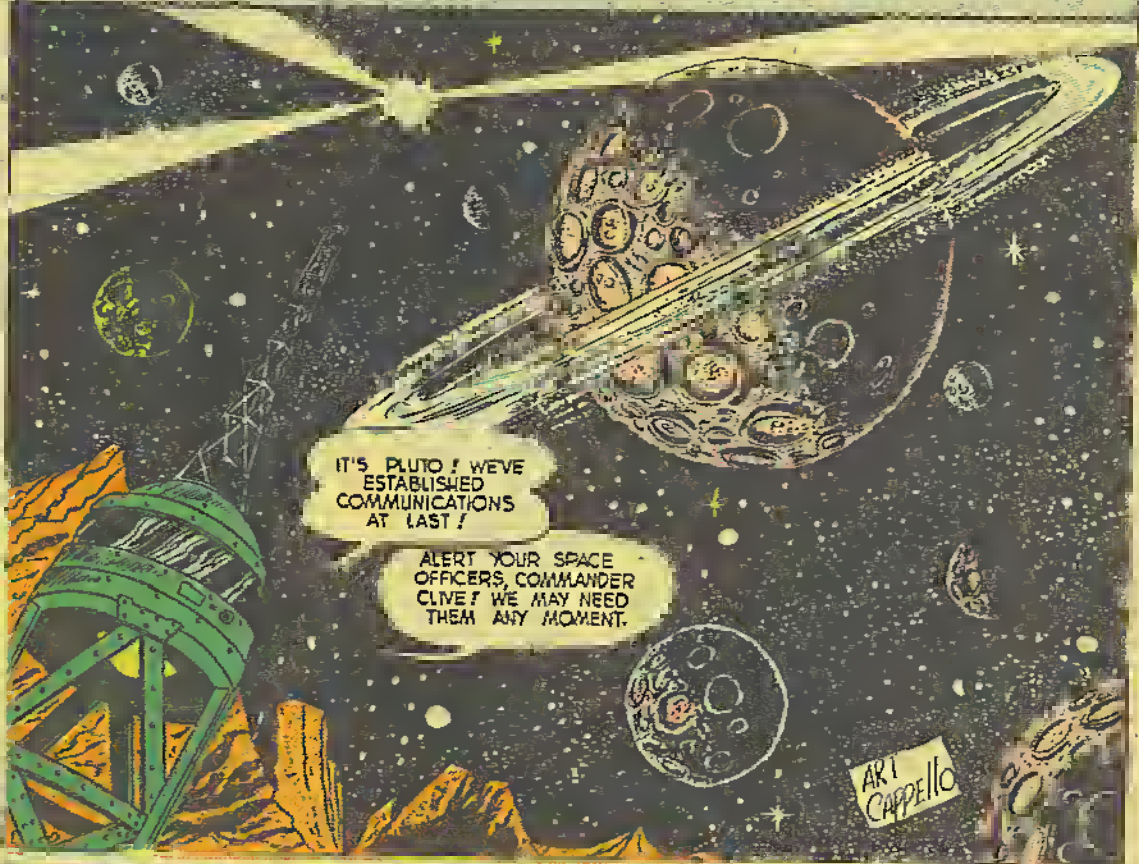
## The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the Golden Age and Silver Age of comics. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", "Barnyard Comics", "Stranger Worlds", "Captain Future", "Snake Eyes", "Miss Masque", and "The Fighting Yank". The central focus is a large, purple speech bubble with a thick black outline, containing the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The overall aesthetic is colorful and nostalgic, representing a vast collection of classic comic book stories.



SPACE ADVENTURES

# Operation PLUTO

IN TITAN, LARGEST OF SATURN'S SATELLITES AND ONE OF THE MIGHTIEST MOONS IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, STRANGE SIGNALS ARE RECEIVED FROM THE PLANET PLUTO...



IT'S PLUTO! WE'VE  
ESTABLISHED  
COMMUNICATIONS  
AT LAST!

ALERT YOUR SPACE  
OFFICERS, COMMANDER  
CLIVE! WE MAY NEED  
THEM ANY MOMENT.

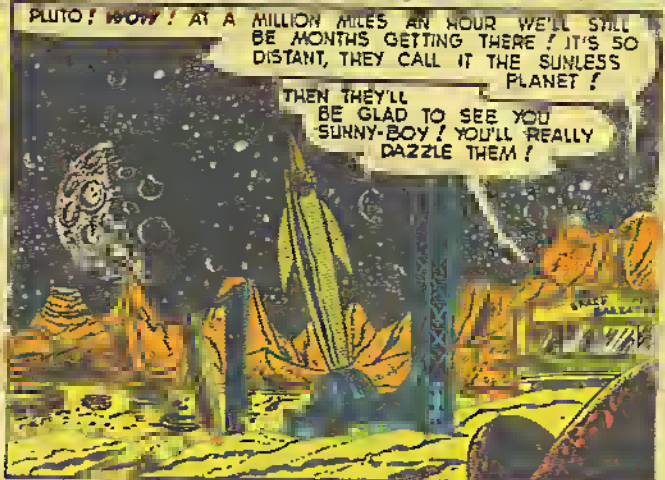
ART  
CAPPELLO

ATTENTION ALL HANDS! WE HAVE JUST  
RECEIVED A FLASH FROM PLUTO. SPACE  
TRADERS WHO DRIFTED THERE SAY  
THAT REMOTE PLANET IS INHABITED,  
SO PREPARE FOR AN IMMEDIATE  
DEPARTURE!

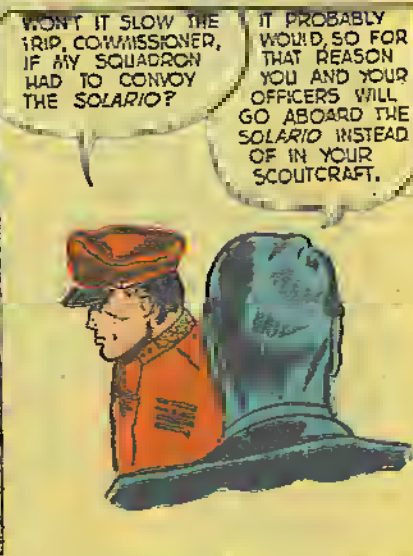
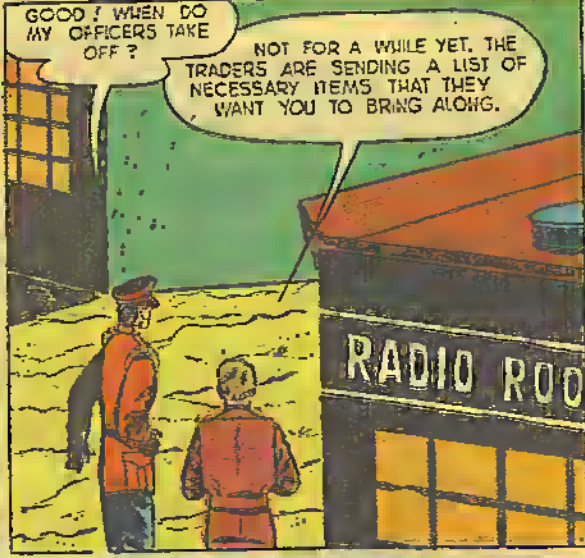
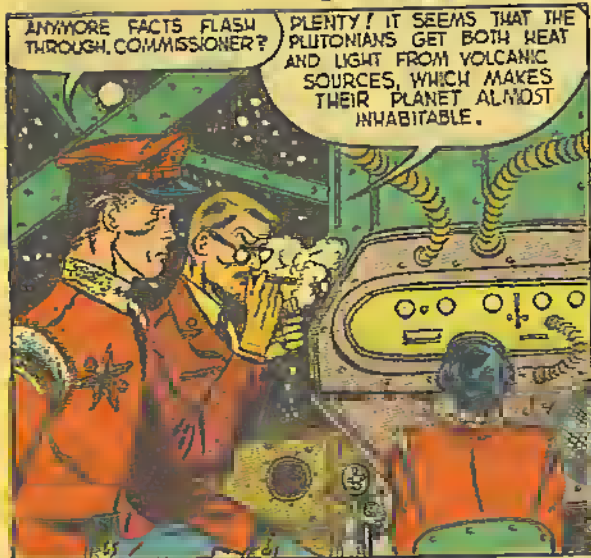


PLUTO! WOW! AT A MILLION MILES AN HOUR WE'LL  
BE MONTHS GETTING THERE! IT'S SO  
DISTANT, THEY CALL IT THE SUNLESS  
PLANET!

THEN THEY'LL  
BE GLAD TO SEE YOU  
SUNNY-BOY! YOU'LL REALLY  
DAZZLE THEM!

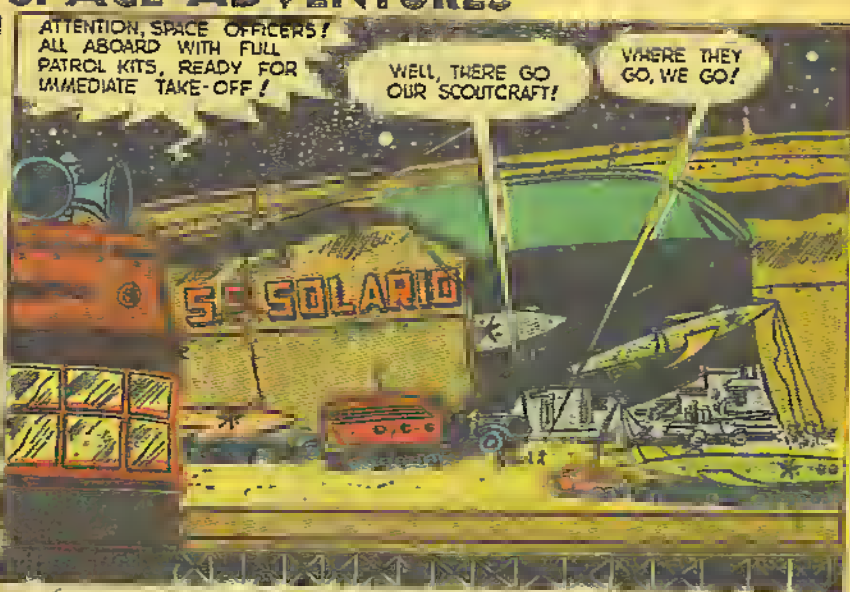


# SPACE ADVENTURES





# SPACE ADVENTURES



**J**ETS AWAY! FROM THE MIGHTY MOON, JETIAN, THE SOLARIO IS OFF! PAST MAMMOTH SATURN, ON TOWARD VENUS AND NEPTUNE. THE SPACE TRANSPORT FOLLOWS THE LONG, LONG TRAIL TO SUNLESS PLUTO, NEARLY 3,000,000,000 EARTH MILES AWAY!



**W**HAT IS THE MYSTERY OF THE THEXITE CARGO? TURN THE PAGE AND LEARN THE ANSWER.



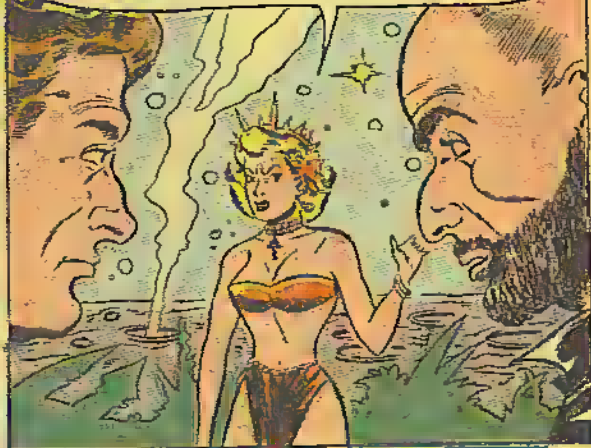
# SPACE ADVENTURES

ON THE PLANET PLUTO...

FOR A COUPLE OF TRADERS ADRIPT IN SPACE, WE FOUND SOMETHING SOFT WHEN WE HIT PLUTO, FRIEND GURKUS!

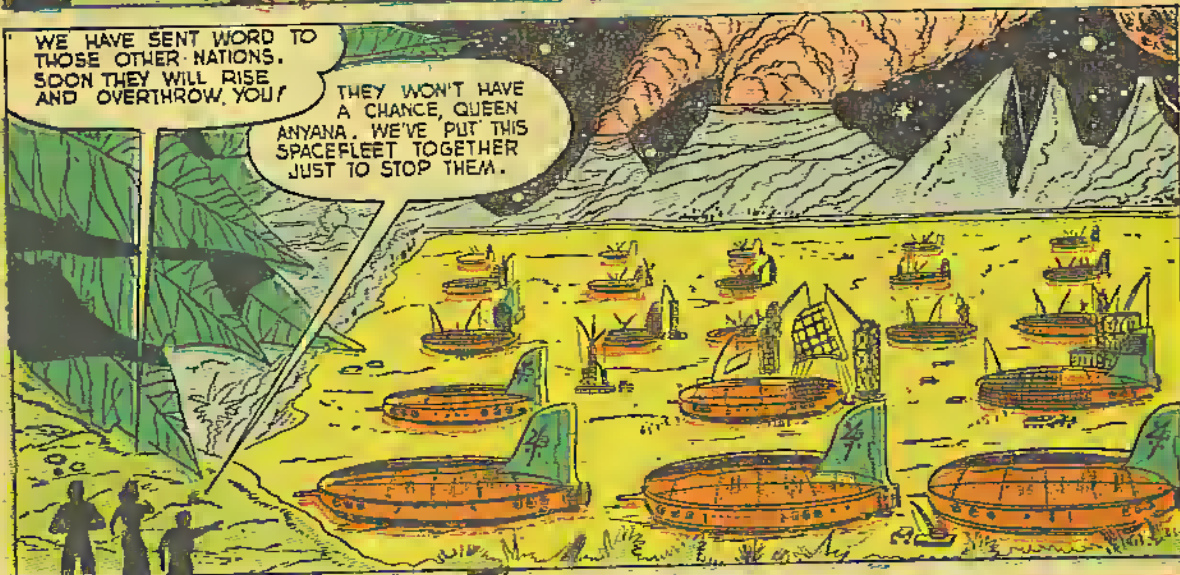
GO TELL QUEEN ANYANA THAT WE WANT TO TALK TO HER.

WE WELCOMED YOU WHEN YOU LANDED HERE HELPLESS. IN RETURN, YOU USED YOUR STRANGE WEAPONS TO ENSLAVE US. BUT MY COUNTRY, DELONIA, IS BUT ONE OF MANY ON THIS PLANET.



WE HAVE SENT WORD TO THOSE OTHER NATIONS. SOON THEY WILL RISE AND OVERTHROW YOU!

THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, QUEEN ANYANA. WE'VE PUT THIS SPACEFLEET TOGETHER JUST TO STOP THEM.

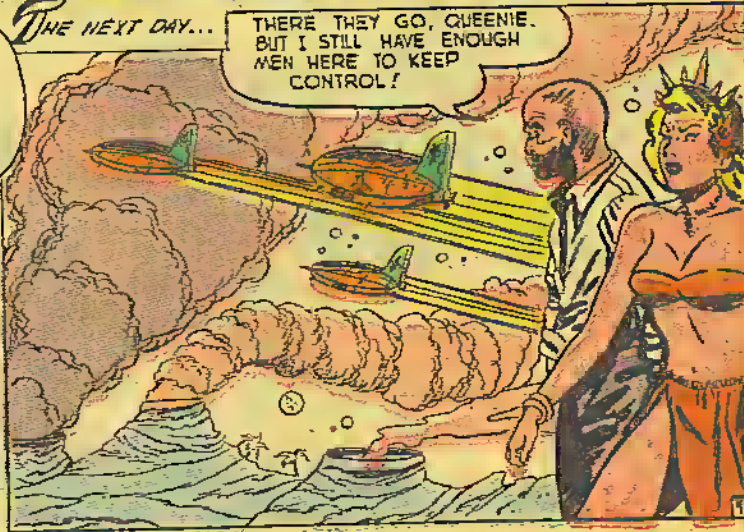


ALL WE NEED ARE SPECIAL SUPPLIES, INCLUDING THEXITE... AND THOSE ARE COMING ON A SPACE PACKET!

YOU'D BETTER TAKE OFF WITH YOUR FLEET TOMORROW, WIX, AND INTERCEPT THE SOLARIO BEFORE SHE REACHES PLUTO!

THE NEXT DAY...

THERE THEY GO, QUEENIE. BUT I STILL HAVE ENOUGH MEN HERE TO KEEP CONTROL!





# SPACE ADVENTURES

A SPACE FLEET! THEY'RE SIGNALING FOR US TO HEAVE-TO!

KEEP DEAD AHEAD TO PLUTO AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

THIS MYSTERY FLEET REALLY MEANS TO STOP US, REX!

THEIR COMMANDER IS PROJECTING HIS UGLY MUG ONTO OUR VISI-SCREEN. LET'S HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.

I AM WIX, NEW RULER OF PLUTO. WE KNOW THAT YOU'RE CARRYING A TON OF THEXITE. HEAVE-TO AND DELIVER IT OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT OF SPACE!

WE'LL CALL WIX'S BLUFF, SPEED!

ALL SPACE OFFICERS TO THEIR POSTS AS STIPULATED IN EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS!

I'LL ANSWER WIX AND THEN JOIN YOU, SPEED.

COMMODORE REX CLIVE OF THE SPACE OFFICERS SPEAKING. OUR ANSWER IS NO!

THINKS HE'LL BLUFF US, DOES HE? ALL RIGHT,

WE'LL **BLAST** THE SOLARIO AND BLAME IT ON HIM!

THEN WE'LL FLASH COMMISSIONER BREG ON TITAN AND ORDER A NEW CARGO!

BETTER ORDER IT NOW, WIX. THERE'S A DIRECT HIT. THAT'S THE END OF THE SOLARIO!

IT IS THE END OF THE SOLARIO... BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO REX CLIVE AND HIS SPACE OFFICERS? WATCH!

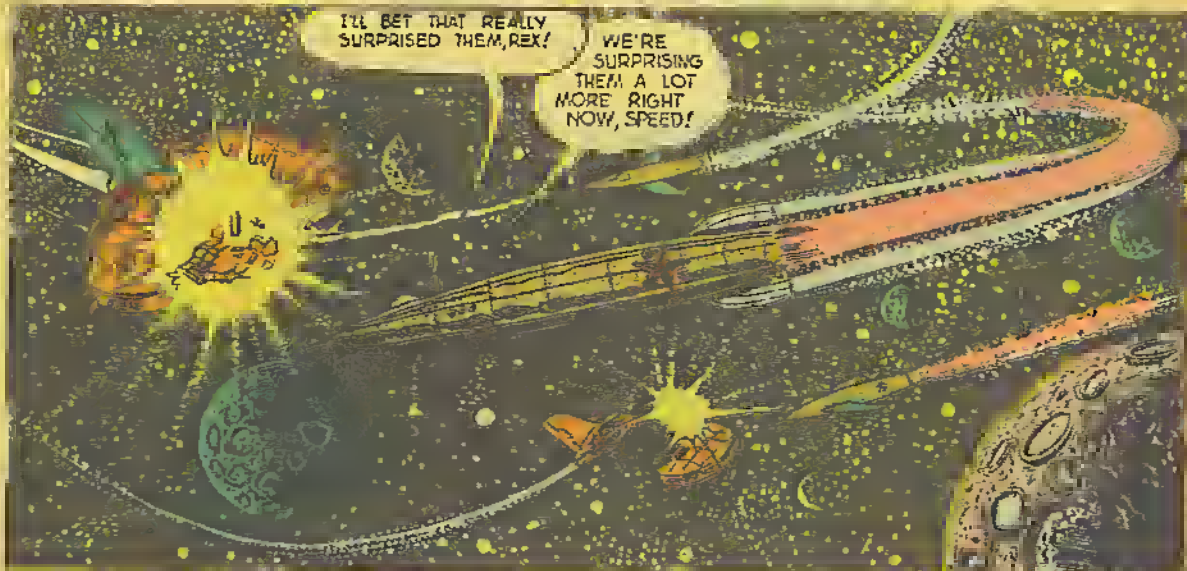
# SPACE ADVENTURES

AS THE OLD SOLARIO BLOWS APART IN ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPLOSIONS IN ALL HISTORY A SQUADRON OF TINY FIGHTING CRAFT EMERGE FROM THE VERY CORE OF THE TREMENDOUS BLAST! THE POSTS TO WHICH COMMODORE REX CLIVE ORDERED HIS SPACE OFFICERS WERE THEIR OWN SCOUTCRAFT IN THE HOLD OF THE SOLARIO! UNHARMED IN THE CENTRAL VACUUM CREATED BY THE BLAST, REX'S FLAGSHIP NOW LEADS THE ATTACK ON WIX'S IMPROVISED PLUTONIAN FLEET!





# SPACE ADVENTURES



I'LL BET THAT REALLY SURPRISED THEM, REX!

WE'RE SURPRISING THEM A LOT MORE RIGHT NOW, SPEED!



FAN AND BLAST AT WILL!



OFFICERS JONES AND BARRY HAVE LIQUIDATED WIX'S FLAGSHIP.

GOOD. THAT ABOUT COMPLETES THE MOP-UP!



CONVERGE ON PLANET PLUTO!



SPACE OFFICERS! THEY'VE DESTROYED WIX'S FLEET, GURKUS!

GOOD. NOW WE'LL FINISH THEM OFF AND I'LL BE BOSS SUPREME!



# SPACE ADVENTURES

**A** POWERFUL, COMPACT FORCE, GURKUS' RESERVE FLEET JETS TO AN ALL-OUT ATTACK...



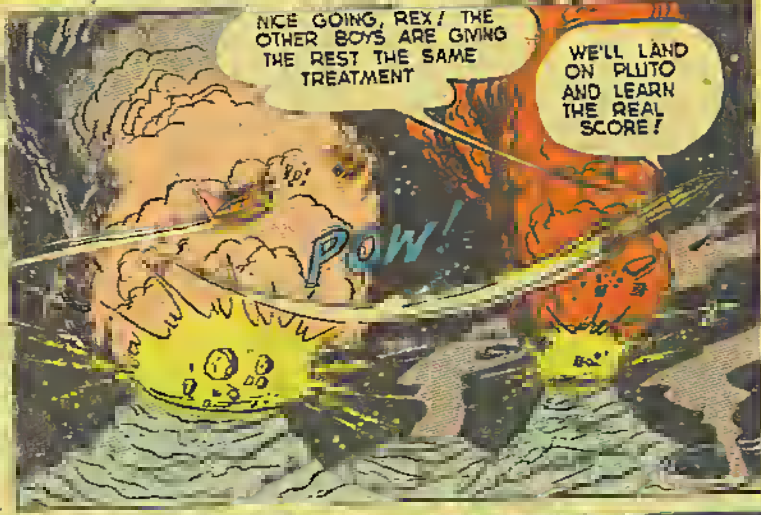
THEY PACK TOO MUCH WALLOR, REX. WE'VE GOT TO START DODGING!

WHY NOT? WE'LL HOP THOSE VOLCANOES AND DROP SOME SPACE EGGS WHEN WE DO.



NICE GOING, REX! THE OTHER BOYS ARE GIVING THE REST THE SAME TREATMENT

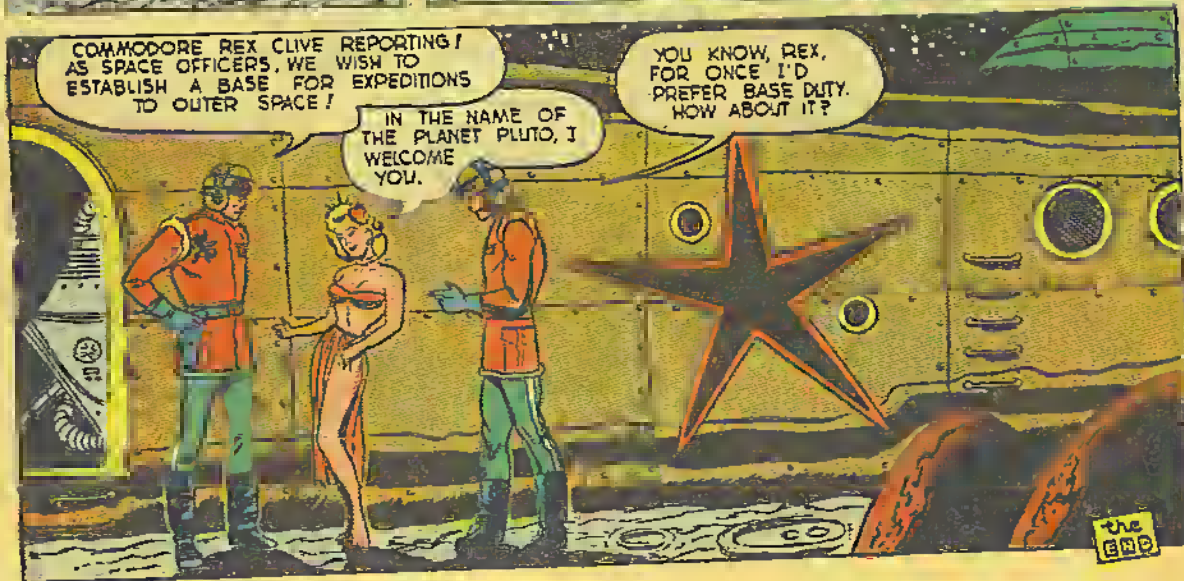
WE'LL LAND ON PLUTO AND LEARN THE REAL SCORE!



COMMODORE REX CLIVE REPORTING! AS SPACE OFFICERS, WE WISH TO ESTABLISH A BASE FOR EXPEDITIONS TO OUTER SPACE!

IN THE NAME OF THE PLANET PLUTO, I WELCOME YOU.

YOU KNOW, REX, FOR ONCE I'D PREFER BASE DUTY. HOW ABOUT IT?

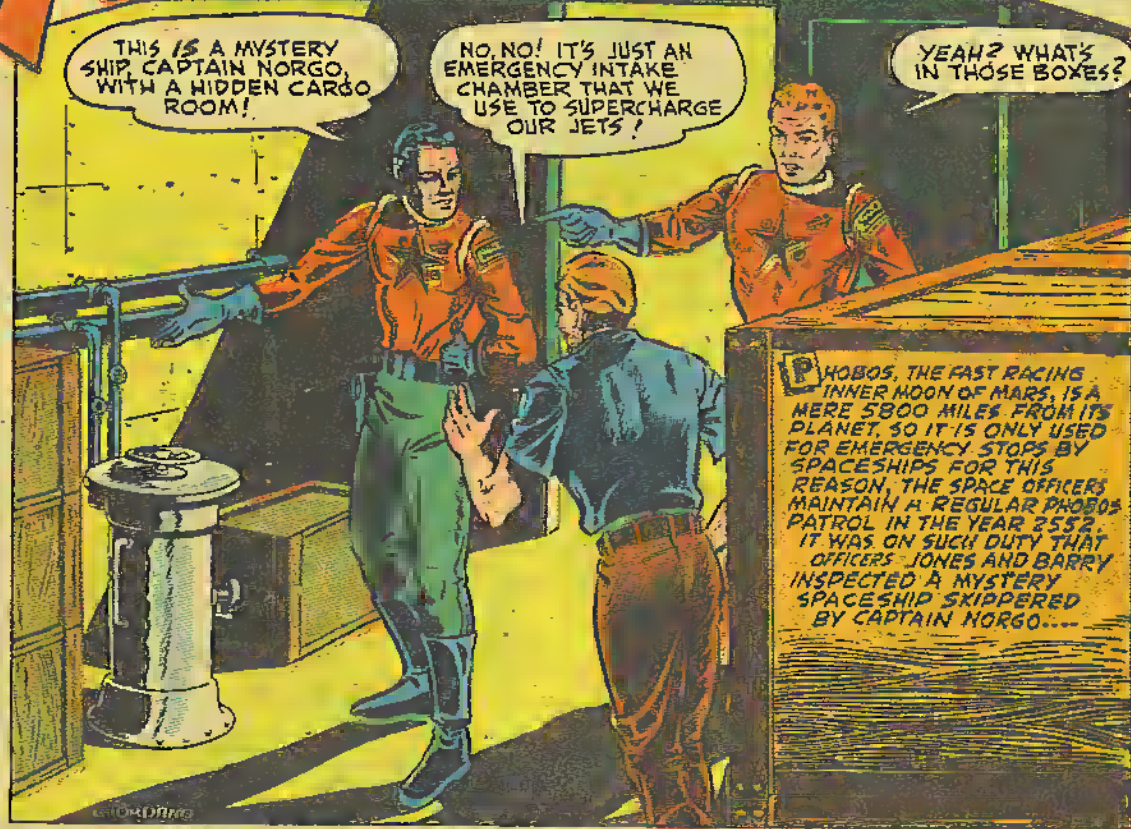


the END



# SPACE ADVENTURES

# Trouble on Phobos





# SPACE ADVENTURES





# SPACE ADVENTURES



NOW FOR THE FIRST BATCH. ALL BIG ONES. ONE, TWO...

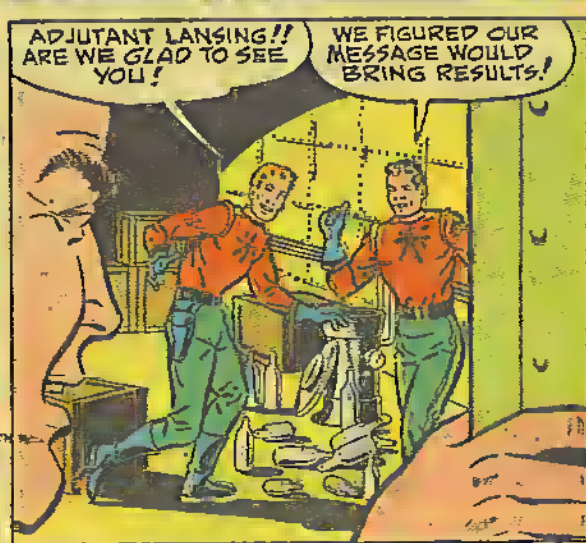
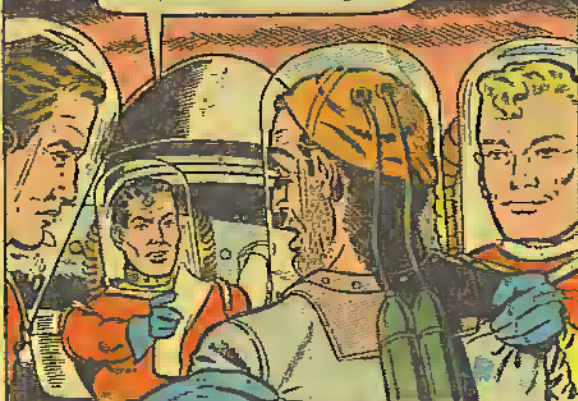
-- AND THREE! LOOK AT THAT FLUVIA VAPORIZE! IT'S MORE POWERFUL THAN ETHER!



THERE'S DEIMOS AHEAD! WE'VE GOT CLEARANCE PAPERS FROM MARS. NOBODY KNOWS WE STOPPED ON PHOBOS. SO WE WON'T BE SEARCHED!

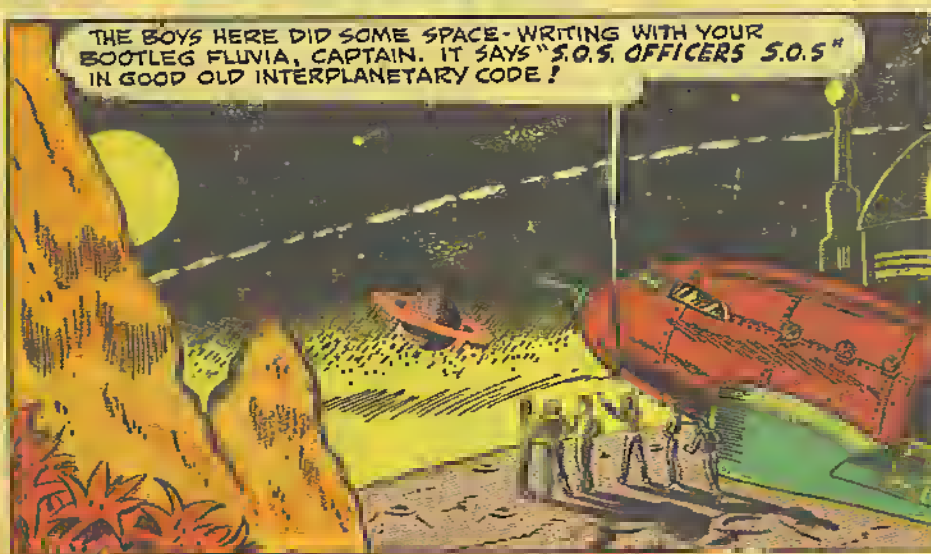
**B**UT WHEN THE SPACE-TRAMP LANDED ON DEIMOS...

I'M ADJUTANT LANSING OF THE SPACE OFFICERS YOUR CLEARANCE PAPERS ARE NO GOOD, CAPTAIN NORG. HOLD HIM, MEN, WHILE I SEARCH THE SHIP.



ADJUTANT LANSING!! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

WE FIGURED OUR MESSAGE WOULD BRING RESULTS!



THE BOYS HERE DID SOME SPACE-WRITING WITH YOUR BOOTLEG FLUVIA, CAPTAIN. IT SAYS "S.O.S. OFFICERS S.O.S" IN GOOD OLD INTERPLANETARY CODE!



**N**O LONGER DOES CAPTAIN NORG PLY THE DARK INTERPLANETARY SKY. HE WAS FOOLED BY HIS OWN FLUVIA!

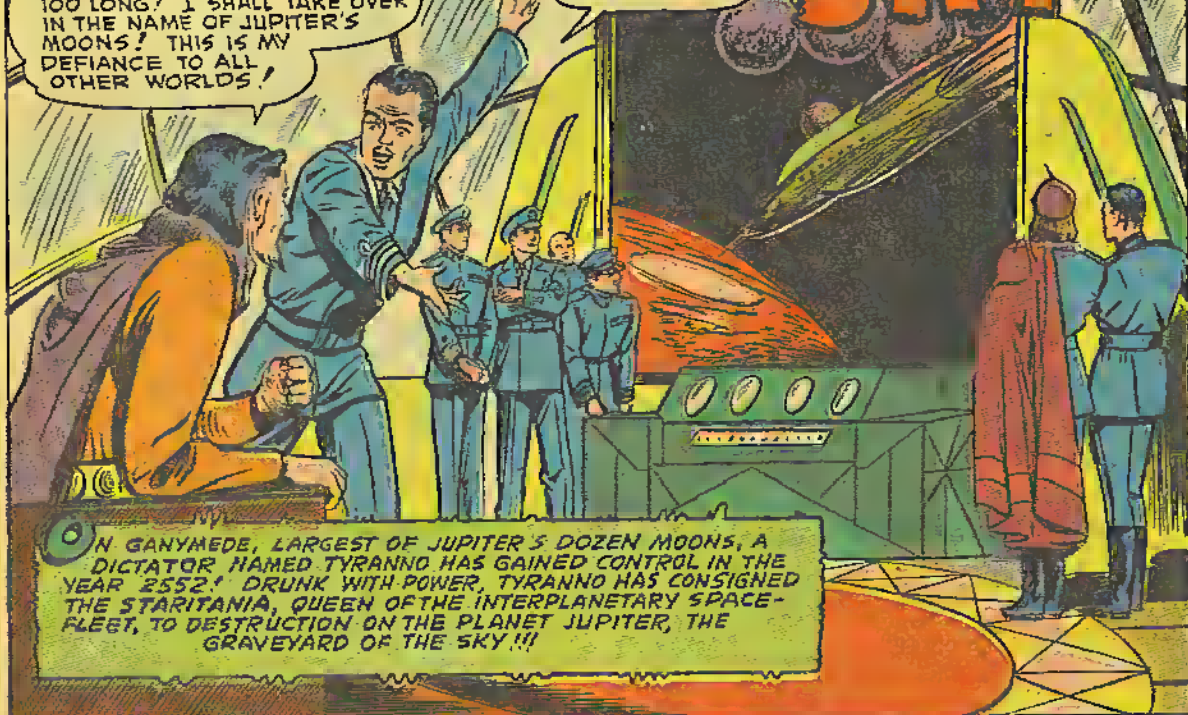


## SPACE ADVENTURES

# THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SKY

PUNY PLANETS HAVE GOVERNED THE SOLAR SYSTEM TOO LONG! I SHALL TAKE OVER IN THE NAME OF JUPITER'S MOONS! THIS IS MY DEFIANCE TO ALL OTHER WORLDS!

OUR FALSE RADAR BEAMS HAVE TRAPPED THE STARITANIA. SHE IS CAUGHT WITHIN JUPITER'S GRAVITY ZONE!



ON GANYMEDE, LARGEST OF JUPITER'S DOZEN MOONS, A DICTATOR NAMED TYRANNO HAS GAINED CONTROL IN THE YEAR 2552! DRUNK WITH POWER, TYRANNO HAS CONSIDERED THE STARITANIA, QUEEN OF THE INTERPLANETARY SPACE FLEET, TO DESTRUCTION ON THE PLANET JUPITER, THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SKY!!!

BUT WHAT IF THE SPACE OFFICERS COME TO THE RESCUE, TYRANNO?

I AM HOPING FOR THAT TO HAPPEN, FODOR. IT WILL MEAN THAT THE OFFICERS, TOO, WILL BE DESTROYED!



MEANWHILE, WITHIN A MILLION MILES OF JUPITER, REX CLIVE AND HIS ENTIRE SPACE SQUADRON HAVE TAKEN THE BAIT AND ARE RACING TO THE LINER'S AID!

FAN AT THIRTY DEGREES PAST MOON FIVE AND ESTABLISH INTER-RADAR SYSTEM TO AID STARITANIA!





# SPACE ADVENTURES

**T**OO LATE, THE SPACE SQUADRON SPREADS TO GUIDE THE STARITANIA TO A SAFER COURSE—LIKE THE SUPER-LIKE THE SPACELINER, THE OFFICERS AND THEIR SCOUTCRAFT ARE CAUGHT IN JUPITER'S PULL!

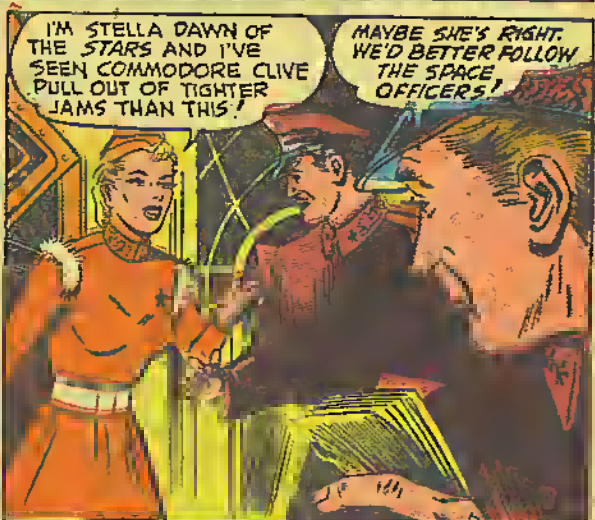
ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE! KEEP BEAMING, OFFICERS, AND GUIDE THE STARITANIA TO A LANDING ON THE GREAT RED SPOT!

A LANDING ON THE GREAT RED SPOT IS IMPOSSIBLE. WE'LL DO BETTER ON OUR OWN!



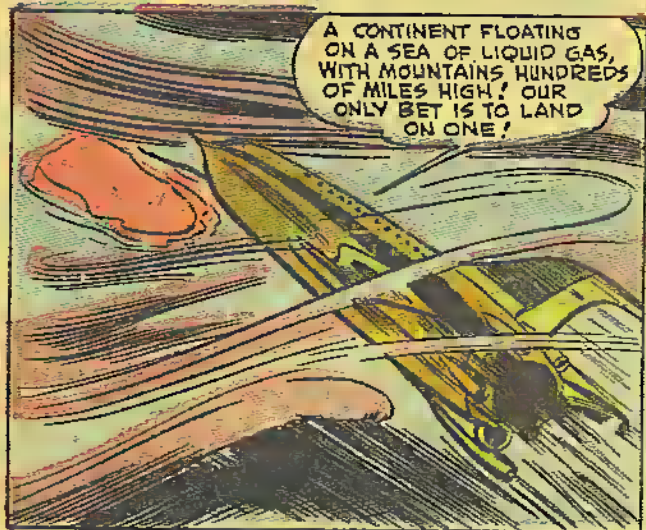
I'M STELLA DAWN OF THE STARS AND I'VE SEEN COMMODORE CLIVE PULL OUT OF TIGHTER JAMS THAN THIS!

MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT. WE'D BETTER FOLLOW THE SPACE OFFICERS!



**T**HROUGH PARTING CLOUDS, REX SEES THE GREAT RED SPOT...

A CONTINENT FLOATING ON A SEA OF LIQUID GAS, WITH MOUNTAINS HUNDREDS OF MILES HIGH! OUR ONLY BET IS TO LAND ON ONE!

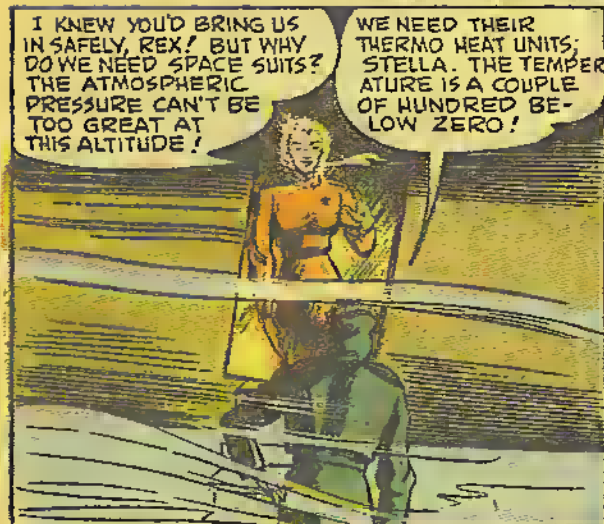


HERE COMES THE REST OF THE SQUADRON, GUIDING THE STARITANIA TO A LANDING. MAYBE THEY CAN EXPLAIN WHAT TOOK THEM OFF THE COURSE!



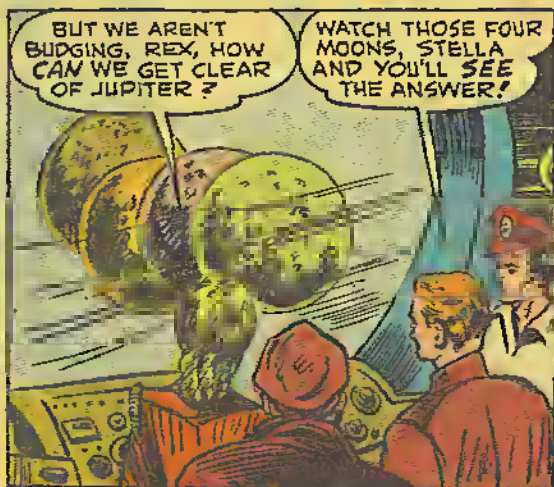


# SPACE ADVENTURES

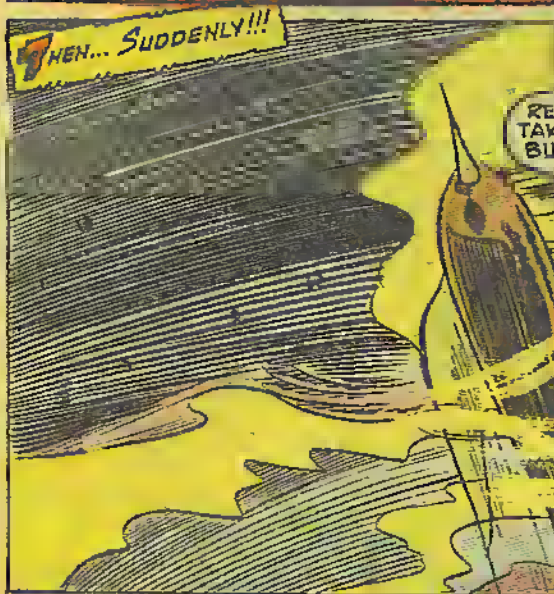




# SPACE ADVENTURES



AS STELLA WATCHES, THE FOUR GREAT MOONS OF IO, EUROPA, GANYMEDE AND CALLISTO CROSS PATHS TO PRODUCE A QUADRUPL ECLIPSE!



REX! WE'RE TAKING OFF. BUT HOW?

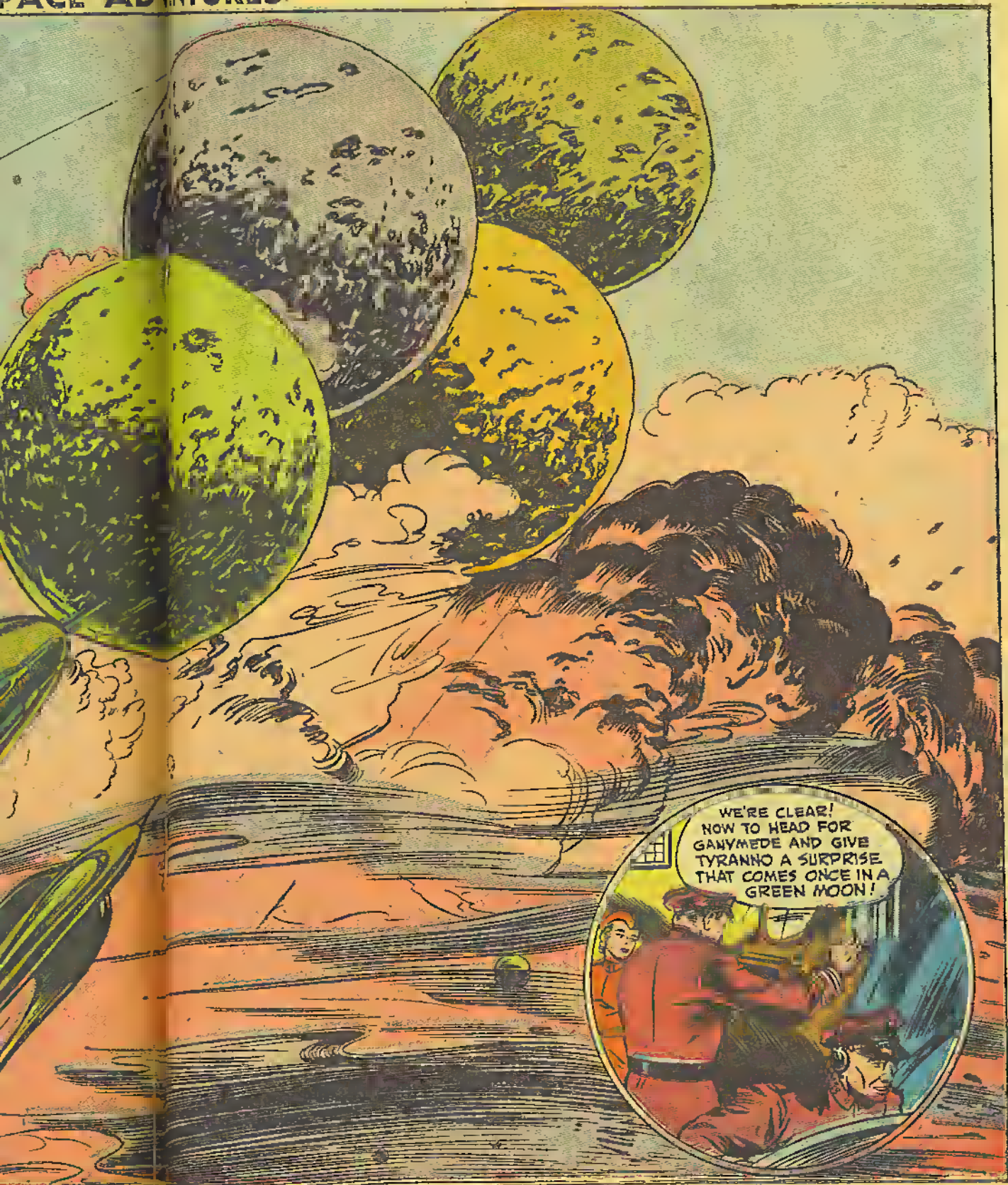
CALL IT OPERATION "MOON LIFT". THOSE FOUR BIG ORBS HAVE COMBINED THEIR TIDAL PULL, REDUCING JUPITER'S GRAVITY JUST ENOUGH FOR US TO CLEAR!



**U**NDER THE PULL OF THE MIGHTY MOONS, THE GREAT RED SPOT OF JUPITER QUIVERS! ITS MAMMOTH FLOATING CONTINENT HEAVES AND BUCKLES, TOSSED BY TOWERING WAVES OF LIQUID GAS, HUGE CLIFFS QUIVER AND CRUMBLE! BUT FROM THE MIDST OF THIS STUPENDOUS CATAclysm, THE OFFIGERS' CRAFT AND THE STARITANIA SPIRAL UP IN THE TAPERING SHADOWS OF THE FOURFOLD ECLIPSE, AND FIND THEIR PATH TO FREEDOM FROM THE GRAVEYARD OF THE SKY!!!!









# SPACE ADVENTURES

**G**ATHERING SPEED FROM A 125,000 MILES PER HOUR TAKE-OFF, THE SPACE OFFICERS RAPIDLY COVER THE 660,000 MILES TO GANYMEDE....

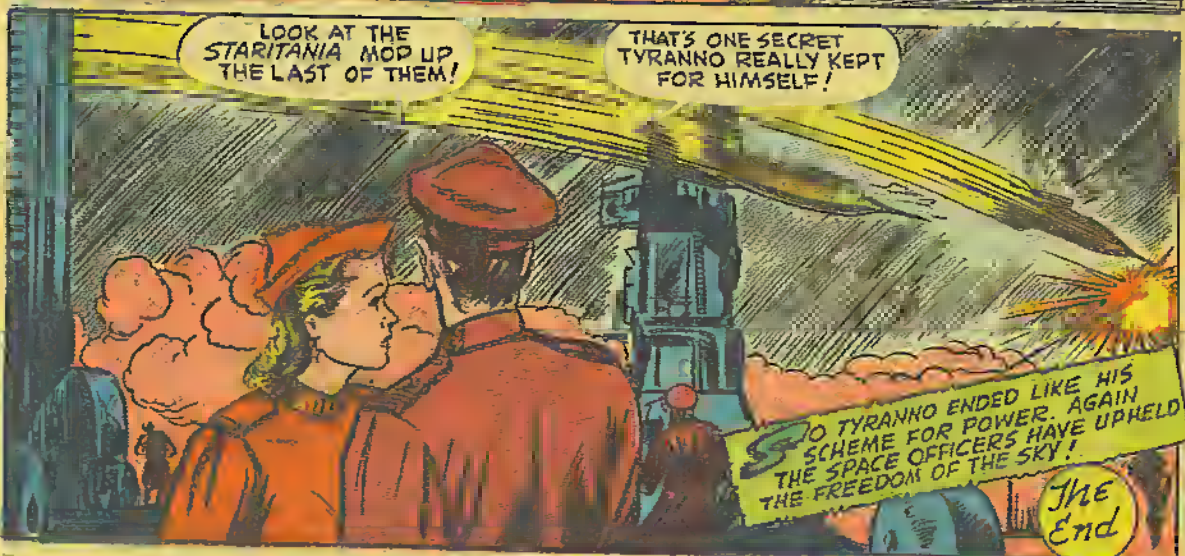


THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT WE ARE USING EXPLOSIVE SPACE-DUST AS A SECRET WEAPON!

A FEW BLASTS AT CLOSE RANGE AND THEY'LL BE GONERS, TYRANNO!



**A**S THE GANYMEDE FIGHTERS DELIVER THEIR BLASTS, STABS FROM THE OFFICERS' SPACEFLEET IGNITE THE SPACE-DUST, DESTROYING TYRANNO AND HIS FLEET!





# SPACE ADVENTURES *Revolt* OF THE ROBOTS



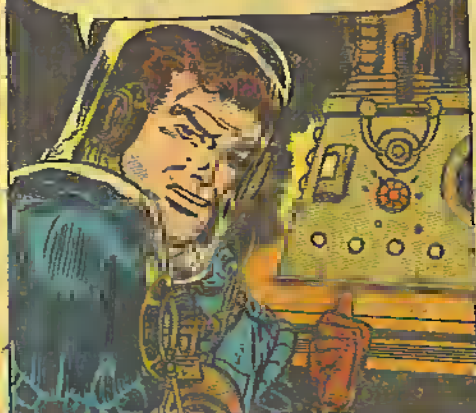
**D**ECIMA, THE TENTH MOON OF JUPITER... ONLY 15 MILES IN DIAMETER, BUT RICH IN IRON ORE / HERE, ROBOTS WORK AWAY, MINING THE USEFUL METAL..... NOW, JAK BARY, MANAGER OF THE DECIMA IRON MINE, IS RETURNING FROM HIS HONEYMOON WITH HIS BRIDE MAIDA, TO RESUME HIS ROUTINE JOB!





# SPACE ADVENTURES

YES, THESE ARE THE CONTROLS, BUT WE DON'T BOTHER WITH THEM UNLESS SOMETHING GOES WRONG...WHICH IS VERY SELDOM...



LATER

THESE ROBOTS ARE REALLY HUMANOIDS. THAT IS, THEY ARE EQUIPPED WITH A SECOND-HAND BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T FUNCTION FOR HUMANS...BUT WILL DO FOR ROBOTS...

BUT WHY DO THEY NEED BRAINS AT ALL?



AN ORDINARY ROBOT WOULD NOT CONCENTRATE ON A JOB, THE WAY THESE MACHINES DO..

I SEE. WELL, SUPPOSE I GO BACK AND START HOUSEKEEPING.



I ONLY HOPE NONE OF THOSE HUMANOID ROBOTS START TO CONCENTRATE ON ME!



JAK!!! HELP!



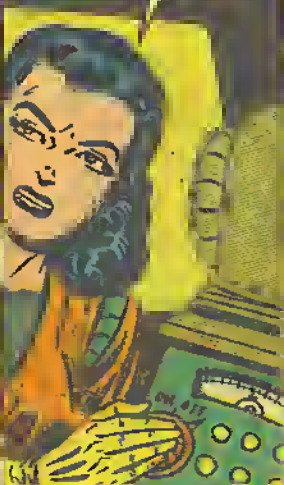
GET INSIDE AND CUT OFF THE CONTROLS, MAIDA / I HATE TO MELT A VALUABLE ROBOT WITH THIS THERMO-GUN.... SO HURRY!



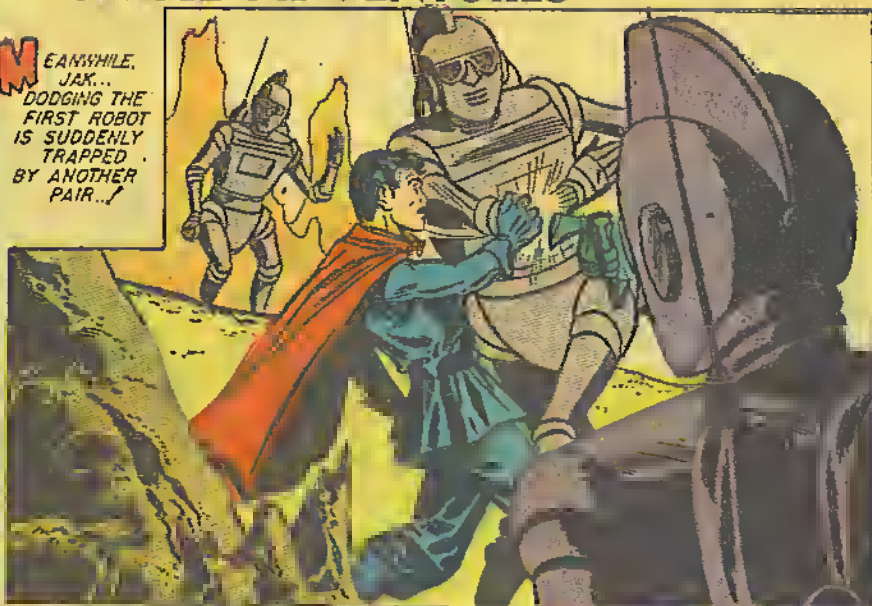


# SPACE ADVENTURES

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE CONTROLS/ THEY DON'T WORK!



MEANWHILE, JAK... DODGING THE FIRST ROBOT IS SUDDENLY TRAPPED BY ANOTHER PAIR...



YIPES... THERE GOES THE THERMO-GUN I'D BETTER DUCK FAST!

THE TROUBLE WITH THIS GAME IS THAT I'LL GET TIRED, BUT THESE TIN-BOTS WON'T!



MEANWHILE, THE FIRST ROBOT RETURNS TO ITS ORIGINAL PREY!

JAK? IT'S BACK!



JAK... IT'S GOING TO TAKE ME AWAYYYY....



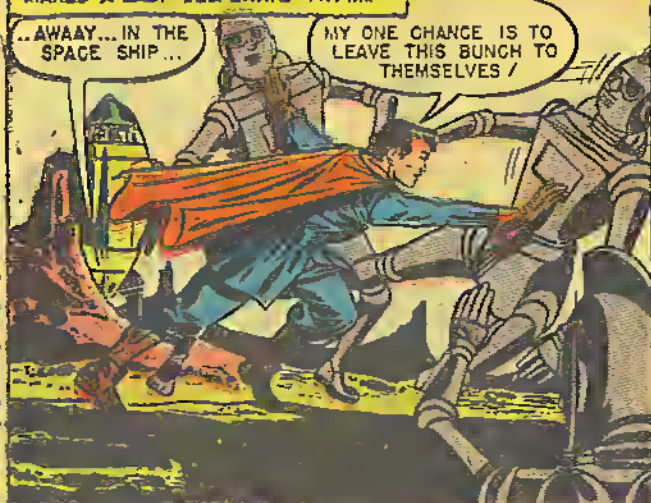


# SPACE ADVENTURES

SURROUNDED BY ROBOTS, JAK HEARS MAIDA'S CRY AND MAKES A LAST DESPERATE TRY.....

..AWAAY...IN THE SPACE SHIP...

MY ONE CHANCE IS TO LEAVE THIS BUNCH TO THEMSELVES /



THE TRICK WORKS / JAK LEAVES THE ROBOTS GLASHING, SLASHING EACH OTHER APART.....

MAIDA...I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE....



JAK. JAK. THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME



GREG DANT / TRICKED UP LIKE A ROBOT AND USING A SHORT WAVE TO RUN THE OTHERS /



LATER....

MAYBE THIS EXPLAINS IT, JAK!

GOLD ORE..... GREG FOUND IT WHILE HE WAS HERE ALONE AND DECIDED TO GET RID OF US WHEN WE SHOWED UP /



WELL, INSTEAD OF GREG SHIPPING OUT THE GOLD, WE SHIPPED HIM OUT / THE HUMANOID ROBOTS ARE ALL BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN... MAYBE NOW WE CAN SETTLE DOWN TO PEACE AND QUIET /

I LIKE IT HERE, JAK, NOW THAT WE'RE REALLY ALONE WITH ROBOTS WE CAN TRUST!



THE END

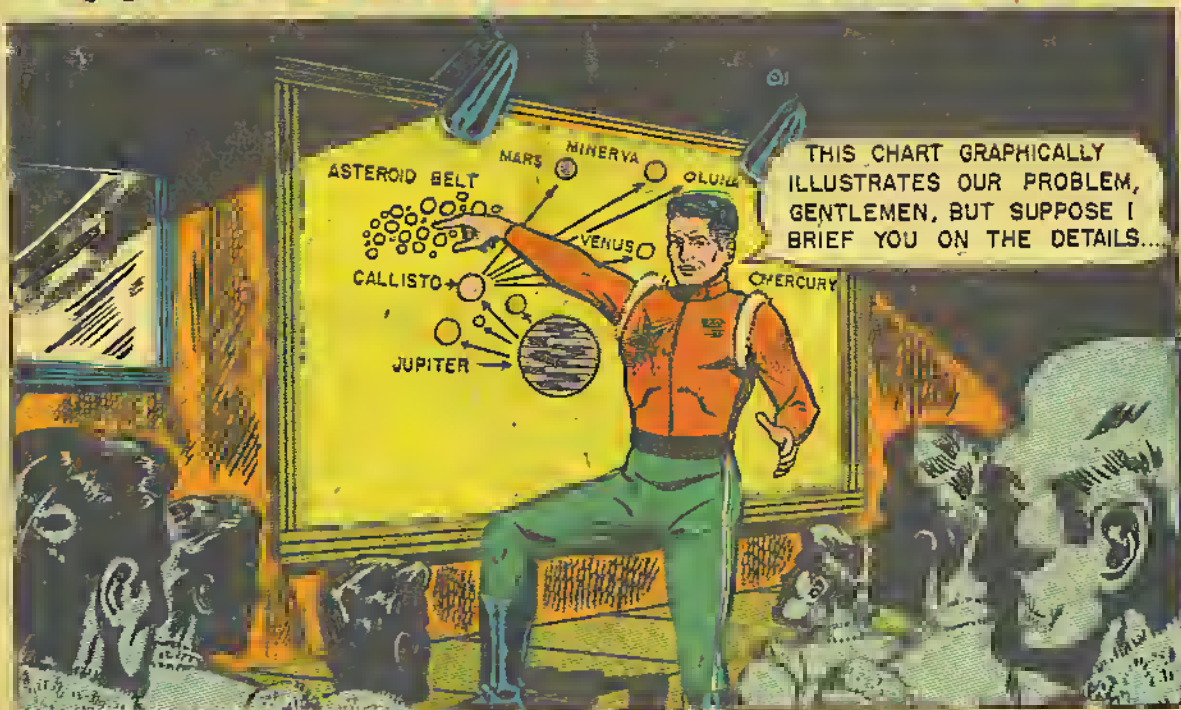


## SPACE ADVENTURES

**I**N THE YEAR 2552 A.D., COMMODORE REX CLIVE AND HIS SPACE OFFICERS ARE CONFRONTED WITH THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF MENACE AND MYSTERY THAT HAS EVER THREATENED THE FREEDOM OF THE SPACEWAYS !!!

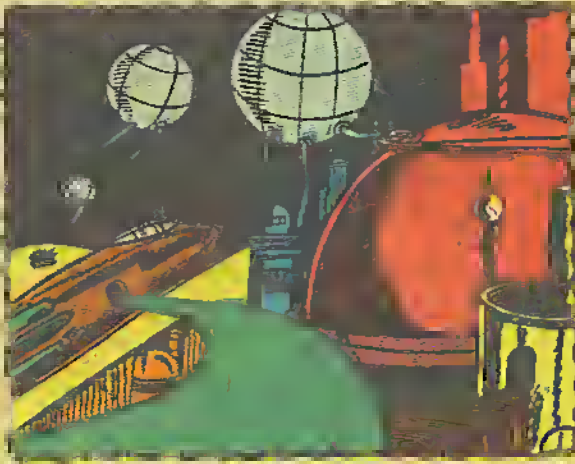
### THE SPACE OFFICERS BATTLE

# THE SMUGGLERS OF CALLISTO



**E**VERY SPACE-PREP STUDENT KNOWS THAT THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET JUPITER TEEMS WITH VAST CLOUDS OF METHANE GAS, WHICH IS PIPOED UP INTO MAGNESIUM TANKS CALLED SPACE-BUBBLES"

**E**QUIPPED WITH GRAVITY-REPELLERS, THE SPACE-BUBBLES CARRY THE CRUDE METHANE TO THE REFINERIES ON CALLISTO, ONE OF JUPITER'S LARGEST MOONS"





# SPACE ADVENTURES

THERE, THE METHANE IS PURIFIED, LIQUEFIED AND PACKAGED IN GREAT SPACE-TANKERS WHICH FOLLOW DIRECT ROUTES TO THE EARTH AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE INNER PLANETARY GROUP.....

HOWEVER, THESE LANES LEAD DIRECTLY THROUGH THE ASTEROID BELT OF 50,000 MINOR PLANETS. METEOR-DEFLECTORS ARE USELESS WHEN A SPACE-TANKER STRIKES AN ASTEROID. THE CARGO IS BLASTED INSTANTLY!



OUR MISSION IS TO PATROL THE ASTEROIDS AND LEARN WHY THESE COLLISIONS HAVE SHOWN SUCH A MARKED INCREASE. AS USUAL, I SHALL KEEP CLOSE CONTACT WITH ADJUTANT LANSING OVER THE INTERCOM.

GROUP...  
DISMISSED!



WELL, OFFICER BARRY, WHO GETS US THIS TIME.. COMMODORE REX CLIVE OR ADJUTANT LANSING ?

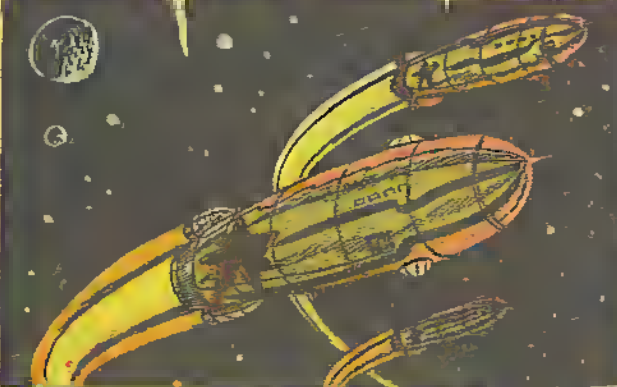
PROBABLY, OFFICER JONES. THEY

WILL DECIDE THAT BY THE FLIP OF A COIN, WITH THE LOSER TAKING US.



COMMODORE REX CLIVE SPEAKING. ALL SPACE-CRAFT FAN FOR INDIVIDUAL PATROL.

THAT COIN MUST HAVE LANDED ON EDGE, OFFICER BARRY. NOBODY GETS US THIS TIME!



LIKE A SPRAY OF GALACTIC FIREWORKS, THE SCOUT-CRAFT TAKE OFF FROM SPACEQUARTERS ON MINERVA.....

SAY, COMMODORE, THOSE VEST POCKET WORLDS ARE THICKER THAN ICEBERGS AT SEA!

THAT'S WHAT THE SPACE-TANKERS FOUND OUT!



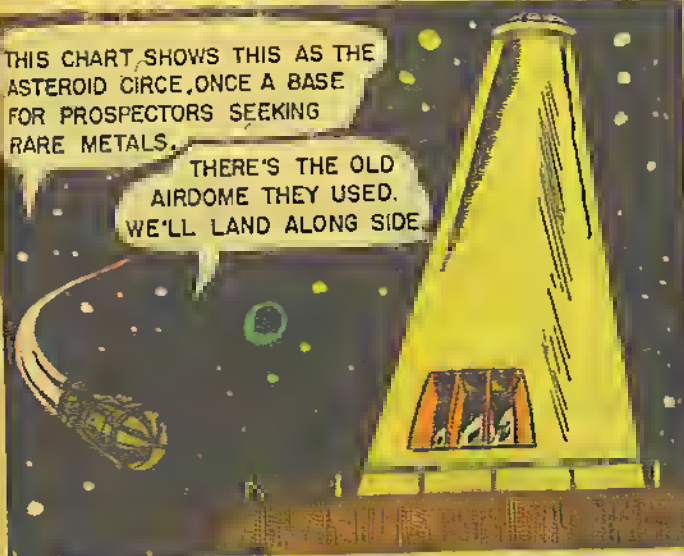
AND HITTING A MILLION-MILE AN HOUR CLIP, REX'S FLAGSHIP, THE RX, NEARS THE ASTEROID BELT.....



# SPACE ADVENTURES

THIS CHART SHOWS THIS AS THE ASTEROID CIRCE, ONCE A BASE FOR PROSPECTORS SEEKING RARE METALS.

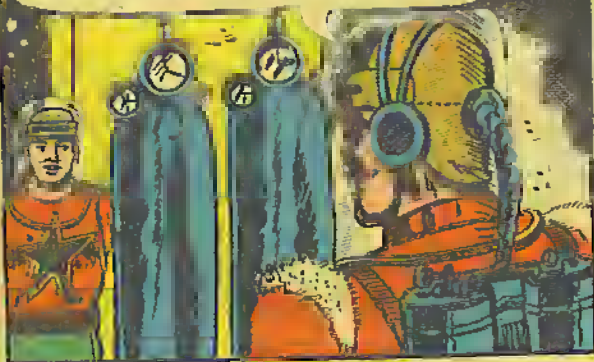
THERE'S THE OLD AIRDOME THEY USED. WE'LL LAND ALONG SIDE.



TAKE IT EASY, SERGEANT. EVEN WITH THE WEIGHT OF THOSE OXYGEN TANKS, GRAVITY IS SO SLIGHT ON CIRCE THAT A JUMP MIGHT CARRY YOU OFF INTO SPACE!



THE AEROMETER AND THE PRESSURE GAUGE SHOW PLENTY OF PURE AIR IN THIS OLD GHOST-DOME / WE CAN CONSERVE OUR OWN OXYGEN /



BUT WHERE DOES THE AIR COME FROM COMMODORE?

FROM LIQUID-AIR-VATS SUNK DEEP IN THE ASTEROIDS CORE. THEY FEED OUT VAPOR AUTOMATICALLY FOR YEARS.



I HOPE WE WON'T HAVE TO KEEP LOOKING FOR SPACE-TANKERS THAT LONG, COMMODORE /

WE PROBABLY WON'T, SERGEANT. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS IT SHOULD BE SOON /



*REX CLIVE GUESSED RIGHT! ALREADY IN THE HEART OF CIRCE, INSIDIOUS HANDS ARE SPRINGING AN UNSUSPECTED TRAP !!!*

CUT OFF THE LIQUID-AIR-SUPPLY, AND SWITCH IN THE OZONIC METHANE VAPOR. WE'LL GIVE THOSE SPACE OFFICERS A REAL SURPRISE /





# SPACE ADVENTURES

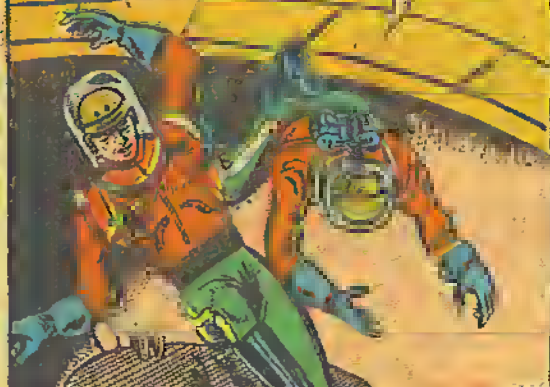
ODD, THAT OOR OF OZONE/  
BUT IF ANYTHING, IT MEANS  
THE AIR IS COMING STRONG!



COMMODOORE, LOOK /  
A SPACE-TANKER!

MY MUSCLES ARE FROZEN /  
I CAN HARDLY  
MOVE!

THE SAME WITH  
ME, COMMODOORE!



*FORTUNATELY, THE GRAVITY ON CIRCE IS  
SO TRIFLING THAT A SERIOUS FALL IS  
IMPOSSIBLE..... BUT AS REX AND THE  
SERGEANT DRIFT DOWNWARD, A NEW  
MENACE APPEARS....*

WELL, WELL, THE METHOZONE  
WORKS PERFECTLY! CUT IT  
OFF NOW SO I CAN AOMIT CAPTAIN  
CYPOL FROM THE SPACE-TANKER!



**BOOM**

SHE'S EXPLODING METHANE  
SPACE-BOMBS TO MAKE IT LOOK  
AS IF THE TANKER CRASHED THIS  
ASTEROID/ COME ON, SERGEANT---  
WE'LL GET BACK TO THE RX AND  
CHALLENGE THAT TANKER!

THE SPECTROPLATE  
SHOWS A METHANE FLASH  
FROM CIRCE!

ANOTHER SPACE  
TANKER GONE UP



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS OUT-  
SIDE, SOQ? A SPACE-CRAFT  
WITH A COMMODOORE'S INSIGNIA  
NO LESS!

AND HERE IS COMMODORE,  
REX CLIVE IN PERSON  
WE'LL TAKE HIM BELOW..  
AND THE SERGEANT,  
TOO!





# SPACE ADVENTURES

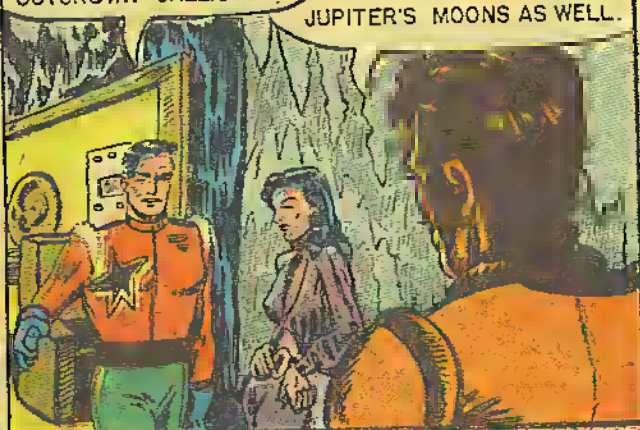
**TAKEN  
DEEP INTO  
THE  
ASTEROID,  
REX CLIVE  
LEARNS  
THE FULL  
EXTENT OF  
ZOO'S  
FIENDISH  
SCHEME**

NOW THAT YOU'VE RECUPERATED FROM THE METHANE TREATMENT, COMMODORE, I SHALL INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM ZOO, THE CALIPH OF CALLISTO. THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, KARA.



I'VE HEARD OF YOU, ZOO. WHAT'S HAPPENED... HAVE YOU OUTGROWN CALLISTO?

YES, AND THE REST OF JUPITER'S MOONS AS WELL.



BY FAKING THESE TANKER EXPLOSIONS, I HAVE STORED A HUNDRED METHANE-LOADED SHIPS IN SECRET PORTS AMONG THE ASTEROIDS. I SHALL USE THEIR FUEL FOR AN ATTACK ON YOUR EARTH AND OTHER INNER PLANETS!



THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO PREVENT THE INVASION, COMMODORE. I SHALL HAVE CAPTAIN CYPOL PITCH YOU AND YOUR STUPID SERGEANT FAR OUT IN SPACE FROM HIS TANKER, WHICH LEAVES AS SOON AS HE HAS UNLOADED SOME METHANE.



THEY'VE GIVEN US RUN OF THE PLACE, COMMODORE, BUT WE'RE UNARMED!

ALL WE NEED IS A SECRET WEAPON AND I THINK WE CAN FIND ONE. COME ON, SERGEANT!



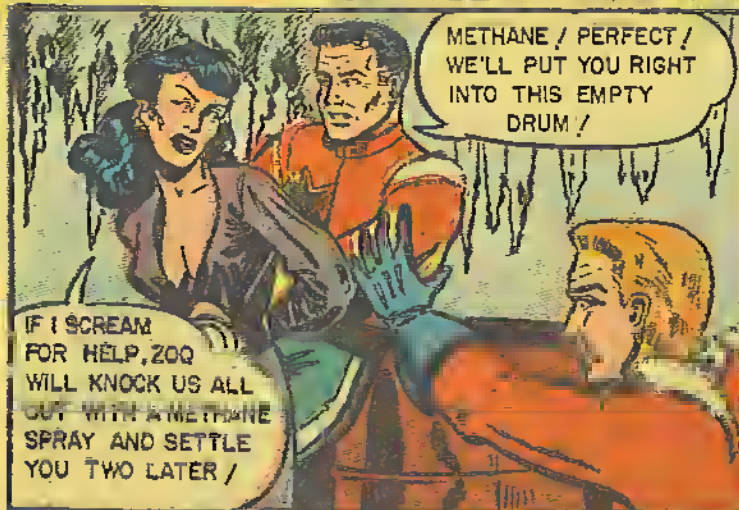
HERE'S THE SECRET WEAPON, ZOO'S DAUGHTER KARA!

WHY, YOU FOOLS!



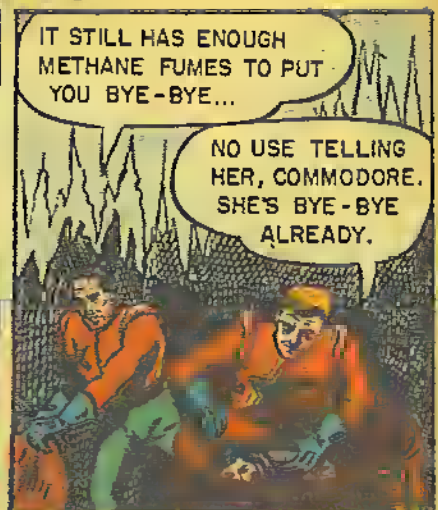


# SPACE ADVENTURES



METHANE / PERFECT /  
WE'LL PUT YOU RIGHT  
INTO THIS EMPTY  
DRUM /

IF I SCREAM  
FOR HELP, ZOQ  
WILL KNOCK US ALL  
OUT WITH A METHANE  
SPRAY AND SETTLE  
YOU TWO LATER /



IT STILL HAS ENOUGH  
METHANE FUMES TO PUT  
YOU BYE-BYE...

NO USE TELLING  
HER, COMMODORE.  
SHE'S BYE-BYE  
ALREADY.



HURRY WITH THOSE  
BARRELS /

THEY'RE ROLLING KARA ON  
BOARD WITH US, COMMODORE.  
BUT WHAT CHANCE WILL WE HAVE  
TO FIND HER BARREL ?

PLENTY /



...AND WHY SHOULD ZOQ BE  
SHIPPING US AWAY ALIVE? ONLY  
BECAUSE HE MISTRUSTS CYPOL  
AND EXPECTS HIM TO SHOW HIS  
HAND. IF HE DOES, I'LL PLAY IT /

YOU GOT  
SOMETHING,  
COMMODORE /



*REX REALLY CALLED THE TURN !  
ONCE THE SPACE-TANKER WAS ON  
IT'S WAY, CAPT. CYPOL HAD HIM  
BROUGHT TO THE CABIN....*

HERE'S A DEAL, CLIVE. I'LL LET  
YOU FREE SO THAT YOU  
AND YOUR OFFICERS  
CAN KNOCK OFF ZOQ, IN  
RETURN .....



YOU'RE TO MAKE NO MENTION  
OF THE HUNDRED SHIPS OF  
METHANE. I'LL BOOTLEG THE STUFF  
TO THE INNER PLANETS AND CUT  
YOU IN ON THE PROFITS /

LET'S GET SARGE  
AND BRING HIM  
ALONG. THEN  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
MY ANSWER /



# SPACE ADVENTURES

YOU CAN PUT SARGE AND MYSELF IN A COUPLE OF THESE EMPTY DRUMS AND SMUGGLE US ASHORE, CYPOL /

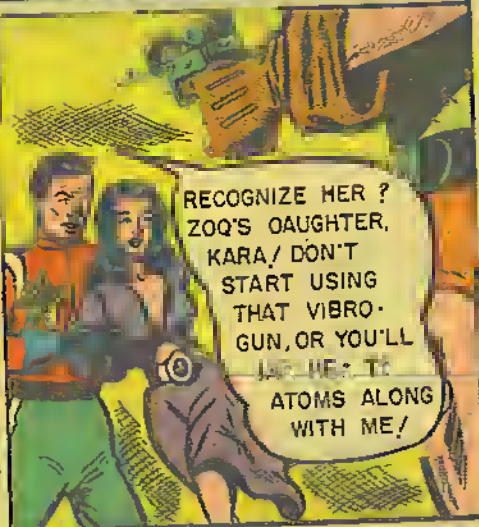
HERE'S ONE THAT LOOKS VERY NICE AND VERY COMFORTABLE /



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CYPOL / FOR DEALING WITH THE PRISONERS / ZOO SENT ME ALONG TO WATCH YOU /

TIP- THE DRUM, SERGEANT, AND LET HIM SEE WHO'S IN IT /

RECOGNIZE HER ? ZOO'S DAUGHTER, KARA / DON'T START USING THAT VIBRO-GUN, OR YOU'LL LEAVE ME TO ATOMS ALONG WITH ME /



COME ON, MEN... CHARGE THEM /

GET THOSE BARRELS ROLLING SERGEANT /



...AND YOU TOO, CYPOL / YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEP AS WE ARE. MAYBE DEEPER, SO KEEP THEM ROLLING ... /

...AND GRAB THAT RAY-GUN CYPOL /





# SPACE ADVENTURES

WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES BELOW,  
REX GETS TO THE CONTROL ROOM  
AND CONTACTS HIS OFFICERS...

COMMODORE REX CLIVE CALLING ALL  
SPACE OFFICERS...CALLING  
ALL OFFICERS....

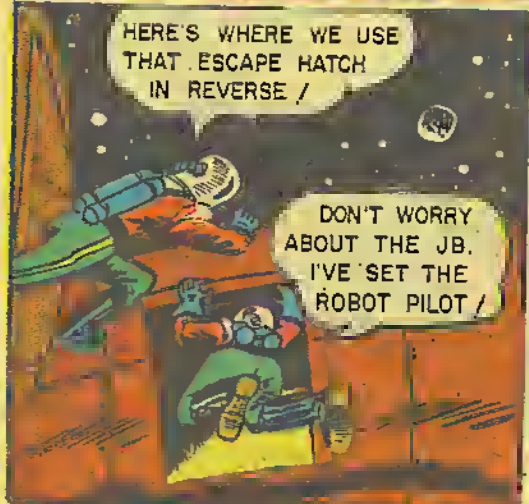


I'M SO DIZZY  
I FEEL LIKE I WAS  
ON A SPACE  
SHIP!

ADJUTANT LANSING,  
CALLING ALL OFFICERS /  
SCAN RADAR FIELD FOR  
SPACE-TANKER AND  
FOLLOW BEAM!



HERE'S WHERE WE USE  
THAT ESCAPE HATCH  
IN REVERSE!



DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT THE JB.  
I'VE SET THE  
ROBOT PILOT!

YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SETTLED ME, DIDN'T  
YOU, CLIVE? WELL, I'M CLEAR AND I  
DON'T MIND ATOMIZING ZOQ'S  
DAUGHTER, AS WELL AS YOU!



NICE WORK, OFFICERS!

IF THERE ARE MORE, THEY'RE  
IN THE BAG, COMMODORE.  
ADJUTANT LANSING IS HERE  
WITH THE WHOLE SQUADRON!



WHY...YOUR MEN CAME  
RIGHT OUT OF  
SPACE!



THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THEM  
SPACE OFFICERS, KARA, BUT IF YOU'RE  
SURPRISED, WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE YOUR  
DAD, WHEN WE DROP IN ON HIM !!

AND, NOT MUCH LATER, THE MENACE  
OF ZOQ, THE CALIPH OF CALLISTO,  
WAS MET AND MATCHED BY THE  
SPACE OFFICERS...